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# THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

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VOL. I.

A FLOWER OF THE WEST, THAT BLOOMS TO ENRICH THE MIND.

NO. XII.

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## LAST LAMENTATION OF 1839.

### AN ALLEGORY.

RECLINING on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in a fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly, his breath becomes shorter; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution.

This is old Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-nine; and as every class of readers must remember him a young man, as rosy and blithsome as themselves, they will, perhaps, feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter *December*, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children; but it is thought the father and daughter will expire together. The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips.

'I am,' said he, 'the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child buried before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more.'

Here the old year called for his account book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the

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moments, minutes, hours, and months, which he has issued, and subjoined, in some places, memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader may furnish them as well or better; but we must notice one circumstance: upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the forty-eight Sundays which he had issued: and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, had been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. 'These,' said he, 'were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty-two of them to bestow. Alas! how lightly have they been esteemed!' Here, upon referring back to certain old memorandums, he found a long list of vows and resolutions which had a particular reference to those fifty-two Sundays. This, with a mingled degree of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers by which he was endeavoring to warm his shivering hands.

'I feel, however,' said he, 'more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief *Procrastination*, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much property. There are also three

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noted ruffians, *Sleep, Sloth, and Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much; besides a certain busy-body, called *Dress*, who, under the pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

'As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild February, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offerings of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude blustering boy, March, who, though violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful. April, a gentle, tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. June came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors; but I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor December, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born, January, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

'If there should be any, who, upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint that it is yet in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct, by rendering me, during a few remaining days, as much service as is in their power; let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behavior. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect; let no one slight her offerings; she has still a considerable part of my property to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there are four precious Sundays yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to

know that they had been better prized than the past.

'It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me; to such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret: all their wishes and repentance will not call me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favorable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honors which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertions, and more persevering efforts may be expected. Let it be remembered, that one honest endeavor is worth ten fair promises.'

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back upon his couch nearly exhausted, and trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from the canopy. Let us all hasten to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made in his youth.

For the Rose of the Valley.

### AND WHAT IS LIFE?

AND what is life?—a fleeting thing—  
A bubble of the day;  
As fleeting as a bubble too,  
It soon doth pass away.

An emblem of the flower that blooms  
In the morning fair and bright;  
But closes with the coming glooms  
Of darkness and of night.

\* \* \* \*

On earth, the fairest flow'rs that bloom'd,  
And shed their fragrance round,  
Have been known to wither, die away,  
And sink upon the ground.

Twas morn: and I beheld a bright eyed maid,  
Possessed of health and beauty's bloom—  
Twas eve: and I was following mournfully  
This maid to her dark and silent tomb.

And this is life, though life on earth,  
Where all is toil, e'en from birth;  
But yet there is another life,  
A life beyond the sky,  
Where souls immortal rest in peace,  
And never, never die.

September, 1839.

L. W. W.

Written for the Rose of the Valley.

## THE DAUGHTER IN EXILE.

FROM the dew-starred top of Scotland's greenest mount, came floating on the evening breeze, the soft mellow notes of the shepherd's lute. Scarce had its echo reached the dell, or the sun's last beams faded on the wave, when the young and accomplished Mr. Reddick and his much-loved Adelia, met upon the lawn to enjoy their accustomed evening's ramble. At a very early period of life they had contracted a strong attachment for each other, and here, in later times, beneath Luna's beams, and amidst shady bowers, they had often strayed to talk of love's first visions, and the dreams of by-gone years. The Scotch youth possessed a noble and generous spirit, and a mind which had received the finest polish which nature and science could impart; he was accustomed from his very nature, to appreciate real worth regardless of any external show or pompous exhibition; it was, therefore, matter of but little consequence to him whether those he loved were glittering in wealth, or moved in the humbler walks of life, the same even tide of manly generous feeling flowed around them; he did not seek a *pearl* simply because it shone in a palace, nor reject a *diamond* if found among the pebbles. Adelia saw and loved this trait in his character; and although by birth and fortune she was placed far above him, yet, in point of real *worth*, he was looked upon as her superior; in short, each, as was very natural, esteemed the other as the best among the good, for their souls were "by love together knit," and they looked forward to that auspicious hour when all their fondest dreams of bliss should be consummated by the "silken tie that binds two willing hearts." But that strange reverse of fortune, which often sunders the sweetest and most endearing

associations, doomed them to a painful and dreary separation.

America, the land of the west, had long held out to him enticing prospects; and he had accustomed himself to look upon her flowery shores as the paradise where, in future years, he should banquet with his beloved Adelia; he determined, however, first to visit this country himself, select his place of residence, and then return and wed her. The morning at length had dawned that was to shine upon his departure—they stood upon the beach and wept in silence—gazing upon the ship in which he was to sail, that lay moored but a little way from the shore. None but those who have parted with one they loved, will discover any thing in the events of the morning that will interest their feelings; those, however, who have shed a parting tear with a dear friend, will readily imagine themselves there. They will see her in all the pride of her loveliness, gently hanging upon his arm—the speechless looks of pure affection that are interchanged between them—their mutual tears which roll down upon the leafless sand!—Will hear the rattling of the ship's windlass, and the seamen's merry song in weighing anchor—(they strike upon the ear like the funeral knell of departed hope)—the dashing and breaking of the little waves in music on the shore—the white canvass that now flutters in the breeze, and the light boat that has just touched the beach to bear him from her far away. One deep, long look!—then on her tear-stricken cheek he leaves a farewell kiss, and beckons to be gone. His ship rolls away on the billows, and disappears in the distance, but his heart remains with its treasure.

The beautiful river Rappahannock, has its sources in the Piedmont range of country in Virginia, becoming the southern boundary of all that region of country which was ceded by the crown of England to Lord Fairfax, and called the Northern Neck of Virginia, and empties its waters into the Chesapeake Bay. The scenery along this river is really romantic, and the soil being remarkably rich, nature seems to have chosen it as a favorable occasion to display

some of her richest drapery, which she has diversified in the most magnificent and tasteful arrangement. A beautiful velvet green, bespangled with a vast variety of beautiful flowers, and richly perfumed with balmy odors, is spread out along the ascending shore; now and then the myrtle and cypress ornament the plain, while the willow along the margin, throws its dingy shadows over the passing waters; on the ascent above, and but a little way from the river, a continued row of wide-spread elms, as though arranged by the art of man, and bearing the marks of age, forms an extensive shade as far as the eye can scan; beyond this again, and in the rear, you will see the green hawthorn hedge stretched onward in a parallel line for miles, carefully trimmed and dressed, according to the romantic taste of the most experienced of the early Scotch settlers. Gliding down this river, the traveller regales himself with the choicest luxuries which nature ever bestowed upon his ravished senses; here is "*music to the ear, and pleasure to the mind.*" Now, may be seen, along the embowered walks, and beneath the cooling shade, a group of social friends, collected from the neighboring hamlets, conversing on the world's wide changes, or the more permanent and peaceful abode of the brighter regions beyond it; then a solitary one, who leisurely strolls along the green, whose light step prints the ground where friends have wept and parted. Anon, the song of the morning lark, or the merry voice of the playful swallow, the cheerful tones of the evening robin, or the night-bird's lay, strike upon his ear. O! is it not enough to make one almost forget the troubles to which he is heir to.

It was at that season of the year when nature wore her loveliest attire, that our young adventurer was introduced into the midst of this scenery. Interspersed along these shores, were the neat cottages of some of the "first blood of the Old Dominion," and among them he determined to take up his residence; Port Royal was the place of his selection. This port, eighty years ago, at the time of his residence there, was a

place of considerable trade. He commenced the practice of physic here, having previously prepared himself for that profession before he left Scotland; in a short time he became very eminent in practice, and one of the most wealthy citizens in the place. With some of the most ancient families of the town and vicinity he became a favorite, and as his patronage was extensive, his riches accumulated rapidly, and after a few years his influence became universally popular; but with all this, one thing was lacking to complete his earthly bliss. His Adelia was beyond the ocean, and by some unaccountable means their correspondence had long since been broken off, so that for many long, long years, he had not even heard that she was living, or, if alive, he knew not but she might be the wife of another. However, he determined to end his doubts upon a point in which he considered his future happiness was involved, and, for this purpose he concluded to take a voyage to Europe, which would also give him a pleasing respite from the toils of his profession. But here a difficulty arose in his mind; as he was the only physician in the place, and so universally beloved, he saw at once the impracticability of effecting his purpose if his intentions were known; he, therefore, had recourse to *stratagem*. To excite the suspicions of his friends, that he had "made way with himself," he cast upon the beach some well known articles of clothing, in order to induce them to think he was drowned, and then, by previous engagement, he entered a ship that was lying in the harbor, and sailed before daylight. This artifice had the designed effect; all believed him to be drowned; but the next morning, by dawn of day, he was several leagues from the American shore, with a merry heart and a brisk wind in his favor, rapidly wafting him towards the green hills of his native land. That mysterious Providence, however, that extends over earth and seas, directing the mutations of fortune, suddenly eclipsed the bright visions of his future joys.

For several dreary weeks his ship was the sport of adverse winds and

furious gales, and was finally wrecked on one of the western islands. During the few weeks that the ship was repairing, the Doctor took lodgings in a private boarding house, at a little distance from which, and on a most delightful elevation, stood a neat, though somewhat ancient mansion, all embowered with choice and favorite trees, that seemed to have been planted there by skillful hands. Along the margin of this little eminence, and between two beautiful rows of wild geranium, lay a smoothly gravelled walk, richly decorated on either side with all the vast variety of flowers which a romantic taste could select.

It was a lovely evening in May, the sky was calm and clear, not a cloud was seen in the horizon, save one that lay cradled near the setting sun. The few inhabitants of the island were just returning from their daily toils to participate in the pleasures of domestic life, when the Doctor, as usual, commenced his evening walk, musing on the world's wide changes, and the more recent event of his fortunate escape from shipwreck. His course was in the direction of the embowered walk which encircled the mansion, and in which, during some of his lonely musings, he had often beheld a most beautiful young lady, whose countenance bore visible signs of inward grief; an unearthly paleness mantled her fallen cheek, as though the changing hand of sorrow had left the impress of his image there. There was nothing in her appearance, however, that particularly excited his curiosity, but the fact that she always paused beneath a *cypress* which shaded a retired part of her walk, and lingered there apparently absorbed in pensive feeling.

He could not tell how, nor why, but at this moment such an indiscribable charm, such an expression of imploring beauty beamed from her countenance as compelled him to speak. "Will you pardon the intrusion of a *stranger*, Miss," said he, at the same time making an appropriate remark on the beauties of the evening, and the delightful scenery with which they were surrounded, as though the latter alone had attracted his attention, and induced him to break in

upon her meditations. With a modest reply to his remark, she added, pointing to a bending *cypress*, under which he had so often seen her, "That tree, of all the vast variety which you now see in bloom, is to me the most lovely—there beneath its silent shade I commune with my own sorrows and talk of my bereavements—there I listen to the swan's wild cry, and the stormy petrel's loud moan; to the dying of the waves as they break in music on the shore, or the sighing of the winds as they murmur over the deep; to the thunder of the storm as it howls over the main, or the rippling of the rill along the silent glen; it tells my heart of by-gone years when hope went down in sorrow!" She turned her face away and glanced a tearful eye over the wide expanse of waters. The curiosity, as well as the sympathies of the Doctor, became much excited; the artless, unaffected simplicity of the fair girl, the peculiar look of *tenderness* that accompanied every expression, took just hold of his feelings, and determined him never to leave that spot until he knew the cause of her sorrow, or the history of her sufferings.

"Know then," said she, "that I am an *exile* from my country—from the land that gave me birth! I am banished from a father's home, and doomed to see his face no more! And my solitude is rendered doubly dreary, when I reflect that my heart's idol, the treasure of my young and early affections is in a far distant land; it is now many long years since he left me, and I have had but transient tidings of him since. Should he be living, and even know that I yet love him, I fear the chequered scenes of intervening years would alienate his affections for ever from me. But why need I indulge in needless anxieties on the subject, since there is no prospect of my ever seeing him again; he is, no doubt, shrouded in the peaceful *tomb*, or it may be, *entombed* in the ocean's wave, while his bereaved and sorrow-stricken Adelia yet lives to prove the loneliness of succeeding years." "Adelia! did you say?—Merciful God!" exclaimed the Doctor, whose feelings by this time became wrought up to the



highest pitch; "Adelia! Not the daughter of Lord —— of London?" "Yes, the very same!" "Mysterious heaven! can it be? It's not possible—it's too much!" and he flung his arms around her, exclaiming, "I am your long lost, but yet devoted Alpheus!" Her heart was too full to speak; she sighed, and in the silence of unutterable joy fell upon his bosom. Both wept; and their tears were more refreshing than the gentle dews of evening when it revives the tender flower that is drooping beneath a scorching sun. "Tell me," she said, as soon as her first emotions had subsided so that she could speak, "tell me, my dear Alpheus, what wild freak of fortune; what prosperous or adverse winds have brought you to this lone island, this place of my unhappy *exile*?" He gave her a short sketch of his life during their painful separation, of the prosperity that had attended him, and particularly a description of his beautiful residence on the Rappahannock; the purposes for which he had embarked again for Europe, and an affecting detail of his being wrecked.—Tears of joy, that glistened in the moon beams, freely coursed down her sorrow-stricken cheeks as she listened to his narration. She could not however look upon the event of his *shipwreck* but with the greatest joy; and as for himself, he could hardly believe that it was a reality, that he really gazed once more upon his own heart's *idol*—he almost doubted his own senses. How pure and interesting the sacred hour when true lovers meet, and how thrilling the occasions, when afflicting vicissitudes have intervened between them! Thus it was with the subjects of my narration.

Since the morning of their affecting separation on the European shore, Adelia had passed through many severe and heavy trials. An alliance between her and the eldest son of the Earl of —— had been a subject of anxious solicitude with their respective families; and now, as the Doctor had sailed for America, they sought to transfix her affections upon the earl's son. To every proposition for such a connexion she opposed the strongest possible reason, she "loved

another;" and this was continually urged, until by the united persuasions of her father and others concerned, she reluctantly yielded her consent to receive his addresses, and to her inexpressible sorrow she discovered, (but when it was too late,) that his high attachments were based upon a most pernicious and destructive principle; a principle which sought the entire debasement of moral excellence, and the destruction of female virtue. Here the curtain falls. \* \* \*

She was prosecuted by her own father and tried for her *life*. The trial resulted in her condemnation, she was sentenced to be hung, and was remanded back to prison to await the day of her execution. She recounted to him in the most feeling manner, the gloomy season she endured within the walls of her prison-house, spoke of the scorn and forgetfulness of relatives, the coldness and alienation of friends; of her own ill health while in bondage, and the extent of her mental sufferings; often in her fevered imagination had she visited the sands on which they parted. Her feelings became too intense, she buried her face in her handkerchief, and found relief in floods of tears. The balmy breezes of the evening gently waved her auburn hair, which in the excitement of the occasion had been thrown in careless ringlets upon her snow white neck, while her mild eye became lighted up with diamond brightness, and at this moment shone with a soft glow of angelic sweetness, enough to look despair and melancholy into life and joy; and all her emotions at this time, seemed to be concentrated in a single look. There was *beauty* in her eye and *melody* in her voice, such as would have moved a heart less sensitive than the Doctor's, when she exclaimed, "O my dearest of earthly friends! can you—will you pardon the *crime* that shades the history of my past life? HEAVEN, in mercy, has already granted *forgiveness*, and my bliss will be complete when I am assured of yours; deny it me, and I am of all beings the most miserable!" The Doctor wept, and folded her more closely to his bosom. "Forgive!" said he,

"from this moment thou art doubly dear to my soul! Let eternal forgetfulness hang over the past—not a tear shall henceforth moisten your cheek, nor a sigh escape your heart. From this hour I'll date the dawn of my happiest days; let no self-upbraidings, no bitter reproach, no sighing or weeping mar the peace and joy of this blissful meeting: it was a merciful Providence that cast me upon this shore, and from this lone island, we'll away to the banks of the river, where our lives shall pass in tranquillity and our days end in peace." So saying, he raised her from his bosom and kissed away the tears that yet lingered upon her cheek.

Her father having had time during his daughter's imprisonment to reflect upon the matter, began to yield to his paternal emotions, which were brought into powerful requisition, and he finally resolved on a scheme for her deliverance. A young lady so exactly resembling her in every respect that the most critical observer could hardly distinguish them apart, (not even relations mistrusted the deception,) was substituted and suffered in her stead. The name of this young lady for certain reasons is withheld; she had, however, by some sudden reverse of fortune, some sad tale of secret grief, become perfectly alienated from the world; life, indeed, had become a burden to her. The history of Adelia's wrongs were laid before her by the father himself, in which he frankly confessed his hasty and passionate course, expressed his deep regret for the steps he had taken in the affair, and for procuring her *condemnation*, and declared his intention of effecting her deliverance: by bribery and management he prosecuted his design; and the lady cheerfully consented to suffer in her stead, provided he would give a certain sum of money to a particular friend whom she designated. The proposition was accepted, and her *tragic death* upon the scaffold sealed the obligation. Adelia was free! But the condition of her freedom was, that she should be forever *exiled* from home, country, and kindred. The place of her banishment was fixed upon this island, where she

had been in obscurity for years, subsisting however, on the rich bounty of her repentant father.

They were married. Reasons which were obvious now prevented their sailing for England or Scotland; they therefore took passage in a ship laden with merchandize for the mercantile houses on the Rappahannock, and amongst others, for that of Mr. Anderson, an old friend and countryman of the Doctor's. The chilly dews of an autumnal morning yet glistened on the vale and skirted the forest's brow, when his ship again parted the waters that a few months previous had borne him off. A slight breeze wafted them slowly onward, affording sufficient opportunity to view the rich variety of scenery which was spread out along the opposite shores.—About noon they reached the landing, and immediately sought the dwelling of Mr. Anderson, which was situated on a delightful eminence that overlooked a vast extent of one of the finest and richest sections of country in the world, and commanded an extensive view of the river either way, as far as the eye could scan. Two beautiful rows of poplars were planted along the road in front of the house to the river; a perfect arch of evergreen ranged throughout the whole extent of the garden, introduced them to the door of the mansion.

At the moment of the Doctor's arrival, Mr. A., his family and the captain of an English merchantman then lying at the wharf, were at dinner; the Doctor inquired of the servant, "Is my friend Mr. Anderson alive? and is he at home?" The servant had hardly time to reply, when Mr. A. recognizing the voice of his old friend whom he supposed to have been drowned, rushed to the door and embraced him. Mrs. Reddick was introduced to Mr. Anderson, and by him conducted into the dining room; the moment she entered the English captain fixed his eyes wildly upon her, gazed a moment in breathless silence, then made for the door, exclaiming, "a ghost! a ghost! I saw that very lady executed upon the scaffold in London; I know she is the same—I cannot be

deceived, for I stood beside her, saw her death struggle, and heard her expiring groan!—she has come from the dead!" so saying he caught his cloak and disappeared immediately, without giving any explanation. The expression of his alarm astonished, and confirmed the whole family in the truth of what he said; Mrs. R. in the meantime had fainted in her husband's arms, and general confusion for the moment prevailed; when she had a little revived, and the fears of the family had somewhat subsided, the Doctor and Mr. Anderson went in search of the captain, whom they found actually making preparations for sailing with all possible despatch; he was, however, persuaded to return and hear the whole matter explained; after which, he acknowledged his mistake, and joined heartily with them in the pleasures of the evening. A perpetual pledge was entered into never to reveal what they had witnessed. The seal being broken by the death of the last survivor of Doctor R. and his lady, and the family being extinct, a gentleman now residing near the scene of these transactions, an intimate friend, companion and associate of Mr. Anderson, and who received the narration from him, is a living witness of the truth of the above narrative. M.

For the Rose of the Valley.

TO ———

COME, let me twine a wreath for thee—

Not on thy fair young brow to bind;

The chaplet that I weave shall be

A garland for thy youthful mind!

Nor of the early wild-wood flower,

That sparkles 'neath the forest's shade,

Nor from our dewy vine-clad bower,

Nor gathered from our favorite glade.

I would not bring an offering,

Though e'er so beautiful and bright,

Nor crown thee with a fragile thing,

O'er which a breath might bring a blight,

Though every flow'ret seemed to tell

A tale of constancy and love,

And with its weight of soft perfumes

Each fairy petal seemed to move.

No, no, I would not bring a chill

To damp the gladness of thy heart,

Nor 'mind thee of a coming ill,

Nor bid a sorrowing tear-drop start;

I would not bring before thine eye

A thing so soon to fade away,

Nor waken in thy breast, a sigh,

That thy young freshness must decay.

Nor shall the wreath I weave for thee

Be like a queenly diadem,

Sparkling with gold, and precious stone,

And deck'd with pearl and costly gem.

Oh no, my friend! not such a crown,

'Twould drive away thy heart's repose

'Twould sink thy gentle spirit down,

And prove to thee a crown of woes.

It might a moment blind thine eye,

And dazzle with its meteor light,

But it could never yield a ray

To cheer the bitter gloom of night.

And thou would'st find the paltry thing

Thy fairest, fondest hopes had risen,

And in life's young and cloudless spring

Had drawn thy trusting heart from heaven

Thy wreath, my gentle friend, shall be

All woven of a fadeless flower,

Which lives and blooms to gladden thee

In mirthful or in pensive hour;

In vain, beneath a sky more fair,

I sought a sweeter flower to find,

It offered none so pure, so rare,

As that which "blooms to enrich the mind."

Come, let me twine a wreath for thee,

A fragrant wreath of varied hue,

And let it fondly speak of me,

Whene'er thine eye its leaves shall view.

Yes, twine about thy youthful mind,

A wreath whose beauty shall not fail—

Among thy treasured garlands, bind

"The Rose" of our fair western vale.

Granville, Sept. 1830.

MARY.

#### PATRICK HENRY.

In 1765, he was elected member of burgesses, with express reference to an opposition to the British stamp-act. After having waited in vain for some step to be taken by another, and when the session was within three days of its expected close, he introduced his celebrated resolutions on the stamp-act. After his death, there was found among his papers one sealed, and thus endorsed:—"Enclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia assembly, in 1765, concerning the stamp-act. Let my executors open this paper."—Within was found a copy of the resolutions in his hand-writing. On the back of the paper containing the



resolutions, is the following endorsement, also in his own hand-writing;—"The within resolutions passed the house of burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the stamp-act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the house, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture; and alone, unadvised, and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within. Upon offering them to the house, violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me, by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse, will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader, whoever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere, practise virtue thyself, and encourage it in others. P. HENRY."

It was in the midst of the debate above mentioned, that he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—"Treason!" cried the speaker—"Treason, treason!" echoed from every part of the house. Henry faltered not for an instant; but taking a loftier attitude, and

fixing on the speaker an eye of fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis—"may profit by their example. If *this* be treason, make the most of it." From this period, Mr. Henry became the favorite of the people of Virginia; nor was his name confined to his native state. His influence was felt throughout the continent, and he was every where regarded as one of the great champions of colonial liberty.

For the Rose of the Valley.

#### MY HEART IS THERE.

"He does not praise my sparkling eyes,  
My ruby lips, or auburn hair;  
But when he bids adieu, he sighs,  
And looks as if his heart were there.

Why should I praise thy ruby lips,  
Or court thy sparkling eyes?  
I would not thus thy charms eclipse  
Beneath a vain disguise;  
Those auburn locks, that angel mould,  
Are but the trappings of a soul.

What though upon thy lovely face  
The smiles of Eden shine;  
Though every charm, and every grace,  
My peerless one, he thine,  
Within that beauteous form's confined  
A noble, and immortal mind.

And shall the bright but fading gem,  
That shines in the diamond's light,  
Eclipse the noble diadem  
That use but makes more bright?  
No: lady, I would choose that form  
That neither time nor death can harm.

"My heart is there!" before that shrine  
I make my fondest vows;  
"My heart is there!" O how divine  
The place of its repose;  
"My heart is there!"—then, lady, pray,  
O must I longer from it stay?

September, 1839.

BUCKEYE BARD.

#### A GEM FOR THE BEREAVED.

THERE are four lines of Pollock's Course of Time, the authorship of which we would not exchange for that of many of the "two volume" works with which the world is daily infested. They contain a simile, admirable beyond anything we have met with for many years. They are the closing lines of a touching description of a dying mother. Speak-

ing of her eyes shining with resplendent brightness, even in the moment of her dissolution, the poet says—

"They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides,  
Obscured among the tempest of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven."

The close of life has been often compared to the flower, fading in its loveliness—to the going down of the sun—to the star,

"That falls to rise no more."

These descriptions are mournfully welcome to the human breast, bleeding with anguish, when all that it loves descends to the remorseless tomb. But they leave even hope in darkness. In the simile of which we speak in no measured language, the effect is the very reverse.—The eyes closing in death, still beaming with celestial brightness, are compared to the beautiful Hesperus, shining from the unclouded heavens, and gradually melting into the refulgence of the rising day. It is indeed beautiful—transcendently beautiful. There is a something—it is a moral sublimity in the very thought, that affords us a conscious triumph over the frailties of humanity, and we almost involuntarily exclaim "How beautiful is the court of death."

From the London Weekly Despatch.

#### THERE'S A STAR IN THE WEST.

THERE'S a star in the west that shall never go down

Till the records of valor decay ;  
We must worship its light though it is not  
our own,  
For liberty hursts in its ray.

Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard

By a freeman, and thrill not his breast ?  
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word  
As the Bethlehem star of the west ?

' War, war to the knife ; be enthralld or ye die !'

Was the echo that waked in the land ;  
But it was not HIS voice that prompted the cry,  
Nor HIS madness that kindled the brand.

He raised not his arm, he defied not his foes,  
While a leaf of the olive remained ;  
Till goaded with insult his spirit arose  
Like a long baited lion unchained.

He struck with firm courage the blow of the brave,

But sighed o'er the carnage that spread ;  
He indignantly trampled the yoke of the slave,  
But wept for the thousands that bled.

Tho' he threw back the fetters and headed the strife,

Till man's charter was fairly restored,  
Yet he prayed for the moment when freedom and life  
Would no longer be pressed by the sword.

Oh ! his laurels were pure, and his patriot name

In the page of the future shall dwell,  
And be seen in all annals, the foremost in fame,  
By the side of a Hoffer and Tell.

Reville not my song, for the wise and the good

Among Britons have nobly confessed,  
That his was the glory and ours was the blood  
Of the deeply stained field of the west.

From the Mobile Journal.

#### CONCEAL YOUR OWN POVERTY.

I HAD a dispute, the other day, with a friend as to the policy of one's confessing to the world when he is overtaken by misfortune, and stripped of his temporal comforts. I maintained the position, which has been forced upon my mind, by closely watching the ways of the world, that when a man acknowledges himself poor, especially if he at the same time brings himself down to his circumstances, and tries, by frugality and industry, to retrieve his losses, and satisfy his creditors, he commits a great blunder ; and the blunder is infinitely greater, should he happen to stand in need of any thing more than *advice* from his friends. Let him but hint that he is really in want of assistance, and their backs are instantly turned, and they rather lend him a kick, with the rest of the world, to sink him lower. Judging from every day's experience, this position cannot be denied with any show of truth.

On this subject, Goldsmith has truly said :

"It is usually said by grammarians, that the use of language is to express our

wants and distress; but men who know the world hold, and I think with some show of reason, that he who best knows how to keep his necessities private, is the most likely person to have them redressed; and that the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

"When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favors, there appears something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller. The rich receive large presents and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less; while the beggar, who may be said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing reward his warmest solicitations.

"Every man who has seen the world, and has had his ups and downs in life, as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know, that to have much, or seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column, the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man's circumstances are such that he has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him: but, should his wants be such that he sues for a trifle, it is two to one whether he may be trusted with the smallest sum. A certain young fellow, whom I knew, whenever he had occasion to ask his friends for a guinea, used to preclude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a suit of clothes, always made the proposal in a laced coat; for he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, his tailor had taken an oath against trusting, or what was every whit as bad, his foreman was out of the way."

Yet, I don't know that one should quarrel with mankind, when he finds out that the fate of the unfortunate has been the same from the days of Adam down to the present day. It is, to be sure, ra-

ther grating to his finer sensibilities, to learn that the world holds in less esteem honesty in rags, than gilded villainy; but if he would reflect for a moment, he would discover that it is human nature, and would be as likely himself, were the wheel of fortune to cast him up to an unlooked for elevation, to entertain the same contempt for poverty that the generality of the world do.

This principle of contempt, or want of sympathy for the lowly and destitute, is so strongly implanted in the human breast, that we shall never see the thing changed. Daily observation impresses upon our minds this fact; for we see that even those who are supposed, from their professions, to be out of the reach and influence of the world's glare, are as prone as their less self-righteous fellows to lose sight of a poor devil, and forget his necessities, when he really stands in need of their heavenly counsel and temporal assistance. They profess to esteem as highly the lowly penitent as he who was born with a silver spoon in his mouth—but it is not so, the profession is perfect hypocrisy, or an ignorance of self. The favored of fortune occupy a larger space in the world's eye, and so they do in those of "the elect."

But even in regard to this class, one should not get out of temper; for it is also human nature. When we see the whole world racing and scrambling for the *golden prize*, we should not be surprised that those professing to esteem them so lightly, catch the infection and join the main army; and for a time, lose sight of the treasure that moth nor rust cannot destroy, which they have been pointing out to us as the only one worth possessing. We should always bear in mind that to preach is one thing—to practice is another. At least we find it to be the case in this day and generation, as well in politics as religion.

So, my word for it—and I speak from sad experience—no sooner has one confessed it to the world, that he has failed, and given up all to satisfy his debts, than he is taken at his word, and fares accordingly. My inexperienced friend, who as yet views mankind through the false medium that we have all been deceived

by, in our young days, treated it with perfect ridicule, when I asserted that the only way for a man of broken fortune to keep in favor of the world was, while tumbling, to grab his hands full—and, if a few doubted his honesty, the many would give him credit for smartness and business habits.

THE following, with some trifling alterations, we heard delivered in a temperance address by DR. HOLMAN, of Maine, in the year 1835.

### THE DRUNKARD'S RESOLUTION.

- [Sober] Touch thee! No, viper of vengeance!
- [To his bottle.] I'll break thy head against the wall.  
Did not you promise?—aye—  
To make me strong as Sampson—  
And rich—rich as Croesus—  
(I'll wring thy villainous neck,)  
And wise—wise as Solomon;  
And happier than the happiest?  
But instead of this—villain!  
You've stripped me of my flocks;  
Left my pocket as empty as a cuckoo's nest  
In March—fooled me out of my senses—  
Made me ragged—made me wretched,  
And then laid me in a ditch.  
Touch thee! sure as there's vengeance  
In this fist, I'll scar the moon  
With thy broken skull!  
But—one embrace before thou diest.
- [Tasting.] 'Tis best to part in friendship—  
[Feeling good.] Ah! thou hast some virtue yet;  
I always thought 'twas best  
To give the devil his due;  
And—[tasting]—though devil thou art,  
[Feeling better.] Thou hast a pleasant face—  
A sparkling eye—a ruby lip—  
A blushing cheek—and thy breath—
- [Tasting.] 'Tis sw-e-eter than the  
Bre-e-zes that ev-er gambol  
Till the break of day,  
A-a-mong the beds of ros-es.  
[Feeling best.] My ho-ney—[tasting]—thou  
shalt not die—  
I'll stand by thee, day and night,  
And fi-ght like Her [hic] cules.

I'll tea-e-each the parson [hic] a little wisdom,  
I'll preach [hic] temperance too;  
I'll live on mil [hic] k and 'oney,  
And—[falling]—be the ha-hap-piest man on earth! [hic]

For the Rose of the Valley.

### TO H

OFF dost thy lovely fleeting form,  
With pensive look pass by,  
In all thy native loveliness,  
Before my spirit's eye.

I see thee when the morning dawns,  
And when the moonbeams fall,  
And when the shades of darkness spread  
Their mantle over all.

No borrowed plumes thy charms eclipse,  
No jewels deck thy hair,  
But all the shining loveliness  
Of innocence is there.

September, 1839.

BUCKEYE BARD.

For the Rose of the Valley.

### THE TIME FOR GRIEVING.

BY YORICK.

WHEN a curtain of darkness hangs over the sky,  
And the breast of the ocean is heaving—  
When the sea-mew is screaming her land-lullaby,  
Then, then is the time for grieving.

When the friends of our youth are forever departed,  
And the girl of our love we are leaving—  
When we know that our hopes forever are thwarted,  
Then, then is the time for grieving.

For the Rose of the Valley.

### THE PLEASURE BOAT.

THE course of the inebriate is fearfully rapid—when a young man in the prime of life, lifts to his lips the poisoned chalice of death and destruction, and laughs and sneers at the admonitions of his friends, his course to ruin and blackness, to the vortex of misery and death, is like the speed of the devastating tornado. To more pathetically illustrate the rapid strides of the drunkard to an untimely grave, I will relate an affecting scene that transpired on the coast of Norway some twenty years ago, and has not to my knowledge ever appeared

in print before. We have all heard of the awful whirlpool called the Maelstrom; it is but a few leagues from the W. coast of the kingdom above mentioned. Its suction affects the water to many miles around it; and those who are so unfortunate as to come within the circle of its influence, can seldom make an effort so powerful as to escape—they are generally drawn into its funnel and perish. On the shore nearly opposite this whirlpool, one fine afternoon in the month of July, a party of young ladies and gentlemen agreed to take an excursion that evening in a pleasure boat. They were young and thoughtless, and not accustomed to the dangers of the sea—the young men could not ply the oars as effectually as those more accustomed to the water; but they supposed there could be no danger. All nature seemed to smile—the sunbeams briskly played upon the bosom of the ocean; calmness had thrown its oily wand upon the billow, and it slept. The water presented a smooth unruffled surface—it seemed a sea of glass; the most timorous would scarcely have suspected that danger, in its most terrific form, was lurking just beneath the surface—but so it was, while the mirrored and glassy surface slept without a ripple. Just beneath, the circling current, formed by the suction of the whirlpool at that state of the tide, swept round and round at the distance of many miles with fearful velocity. The evening came—the young people assembled on the beach. The mellow moonbeam would tremble for a moment and then sleep on the calm, unagitated breast of the ocean. The pleasure boat was unmoored; the party gaily entered; the boat was moved from the shore; it was soon under way—it was rapidly propelled by those at the oars. But it was soon discovered that it could skim gently over the bosom of the deep when the motion produced by the oars had ceased. They allowed the boat to glide gently along—they felt no danger—all was thoughtless hilarity. The motion of the vessel became gradually, but to them insensibly, more rapid; (mark its progress,) they were moved by the influence of the whirlpool.—

Their motion was rotary; they were insensibly drawn round in a huge circle with awful rapidity; they soon came round almost to the same spot from which they sailed. At this critical moment, the *only one* in which it was possible for them to be saved, a number of persons on shore who knew their danger, discovered them, and instantly gave the alarm; they entreated those in the boat to make one desperate effort and reach the shore if possible. When they talked of danger, the party of pleasure laughed at their fears and passed along without making one effort to deliver themselves from impending ruin. The boat moved on, the rapidity of its motion continually *increasing*, and the circle around which it was drawn by its rotary movement becoming smaller. It soon appeared a second time to those on the land. Again they manifested their anxiety for the safety of those whose danger they saw, but who, if delivered at all, must be delivered by their own exertions, for those on shore, even if they launched a boat and rushed into the very jaws of peril, could not save them while they were determined to remain inactive, and be carried by the accelerated velocity of the water round this mouth of the sea, ready at once to swallow both themselves and the boat. They still moved along in merriment; peals of laughter were often heard—sneers were the only thanks given to those who would with delight have saved them. For a time they continued to move round in all their thoughtlessness. But the tide began to ebb; presently, they heard the far off roar of the tremendous vortex below, like the wails and howlings of demons—it sounded like the hoarse unsteady bellowings of an earthquake, or like a distant sea in a storm. By this time the boat ever and anon would quiver like an aspen leaf, and then shoot like lightning through the now troubled sea. The roar of the awful abyss was the knell of death—solemnity now began to banish mirth from the countenances of those in the devoted pleasure boat. They half suspected that danger was near—soon they felt it. When they came again in sight



of land their cries would have pierced a heart of stone. O! help, for mercy's sake! were now the exclamations of despair; but alas! no human aid could reach them. A thick black cloud, as if to add horror to this scene of distress, at this moment shrouded the heavens in darkness, forked lightnings gleamed, and the hoarse rebellious artillery of heaven boomed across the roaring and blackened waters. The oars were plied with every nerve; they snapped, and their fragments were hurried into the yawning abyss. The boat, now trembling, now tossed, now whirled suddenly round, now lashed by the spray, was presently thrown with violence into the jaws of death, opened wide to receive it and the immortals whom it carried. Oh! think of the feelings of those on shore, when, far away upon that awful ocean, by the vivid flashes of lightning, a party of their friends, young and in the morning of life, could be seen hurrying on to that fearful abyss—and at intervals, between the faint bellowings of far off thunder, hear their cries of distress! Thus perished the pleasure boat and all who sailed in it. And thus perish thousands in the vortex of dissipation, who at first smoothly sail round the uttermost verge of it; who were scarcely, as they supposed, within the sphere of its influence, and who would laugh at those who were so faithful as to warn them of their danger, and still sail round and round, drawing nearer and more near to the awful precipice, their motion imperceptibly growing more rapid, till at last, when too late, they see their danger, but cannot reform, and they are plunged into the yawning chasm, which opens wide to receive them. I ask those who are young like myself, to lay this sketch up in the store-house of their memory—those who thoughtlessly tamper with the hydra monster. It may perhaps save some—may it save many—may it save all who read it, from a drunkard's untimely death, from filling a drunkard's grave.

FOLLY is a bad quality, but never to endure it in others, is the greatest of follies.

For the Rodeo of the Valley.

### THE MANIAC.

A SKETCH.—BY G. F. McWILLIAMS.

SHE stood upon the beach and gaz'd—

The sea in tumult roll'd before her!

The wild winds shook their terrors o'er her!

Her timid ivory hands she rais'd,

In transport lost! while sudden sprung,

Within her snow-white, phrenzied breast,

Some strange, delusive thought of rest

Down in the deep—and thus she sung:

"The heavens are dark! the tempest swells!

"The raging billows sweep!

"Yet calm, beneath, in their mystic cells,

"The sea-green spirits sleep.

"Then down to those quiet depths I'll glide,

"Where peace and purity abide.—

\* \* \* \* \*

"When halcyons brood upon the waves,

"And Peril rove on radiant wing;

"And mermaids quit their coral caves,

"In sunset's glow to bask and sing,

"Then I a Naiad bright shall be—

"A sister spirit of the sea!"

### BLIGHTED HOPES.

A TALE.

It was a lovely evening towards the end of July, that we approached the village of Effingham. My friends, Lord and Lady Merton, their lovely invalid daughter, and myself, occupied a large family coach, which was followed by another containing the domestics.

The sun was setting in all the magnificence of a summer's sky, and every object, even to the pallid cheek of languid Ellen, was tinged with his golden rays. I saw her close her eyes, and put one hand over them, as if to shut out the cheering beams that so ill accorded with her feelings, and my heart bled at the conviction, that one so young, so lovely and so loved, was insensible to all emotions but those of grief—that sorrow had chilled her warm bosom, and nipt the roses of the health which had so lately bloomed on her now death-like cheek.

We proceeded slowly along, the afflicted parents watching with agonized anxiety the countenance of their only child, who, occasionally, when gleams of returning consciousness rendered her sensible of her anguish, expressed by a

gentle pressure of their hands to her heart or lips, or a look that spoke more eloquently than words, the sense which she felt of their affection.

We now approached the church-yard, and all our fears were excited, dreading the effect which its appearance might produce on Ellen. A few weeks before, her betrothed husband was consigned to the silent grave in this very cemetery, and the family mausoleum was close to the road.

The disconsolate parents appeared afraid to breathe, lest they should disturb the mourner from a fit of abstraction into which she had fallen a few minutes before; when, at the very moment we reached the spot, she bent forward, extended her hands towards the mausoleum, and uttering one heart-piercing shriek, fell back fainting in the arms of her mother.

Three short months before, I accompanied the same group to London. The parents were then happy in the prospect of bestowing their only child on the object of her long cherished affection—an object not less their choice than her's. The lovely Ellen was then blooming, beautiful and gay, and redolent with joyful anticipations of meeting her future husband. Every mile we traveled brought her nearer to the object of her love; and well do I remember the suffusion of her cheek, when, bantered by her doating, happy father, on the visible exhilaration of her spirits. Happy herself, how did she, by a thousand nameless graces and kindnesses, endeavor to extend the sublime of her own pure breast. I looked at her and beheld her radiant with innocence, and joy, and beauty; and I fancied that had a Lawrence seen her, he would have immortalized himself and her, by portraying her as the personification of hope: for never surely had the bright-eyed enchantress a more lovely representative.

When we arrived in Grosvenor square, the lover was at the door, with all a lover's impatience marked in his eager glances and sparkling eyes; while her first look of rapture was succeeded by a more chastened and timid, though not less tender manner.

Days succeeded days, which, though mingled with the oft-repeated chidings of the impetuous lover at the "law's delay," were still days of happiness. Tender attentions, bridal preparations, plans for future enjoyments and present amusements, enriched and varied each day, until the long-wished-for one was named that was to unite them. But four days prior to that which was to consummate their happiness, the lover was seized with an illness, which he considered a slight cold, and neglected, being unwilling to absent himself even for a few hours, from his mistress; the second day he was unable to leave his bed; and the third his illness was pronounced past hope—past cure; the fourth—that day for which he had so ardently longed, and the goal of his happiness—he was a corpse.

For many days insanity, caused by a violent brain-fever, banished from poor Ellen's mind all sense of her misfortune and sorrow. In all the wanderings of distempered fancy, her lover was never a moment absent from her thoughts; she called on him with all the fervor of affection, and again and again implored him not to leave her couch while she slept; for that he alone could shield her from some unknown enemy, that pressed her forehead with a burning hand.

By slow degrees reason resumed her empire, but it was visible that health had forever fled. Her first request, made to her sorrowing, heart-stricken parents, was to take her to Merton Park. Oh! what a contrast there is between this melancholy return and our happy journey three short months ago! Our hearts were then cheered by Hope; but now, Hope is banished, and resignation to the will of HIM, "who chasteneth whom he loveth," can alone enable them to bow to his dispensation.

At length the lovely and gentle Ellen is released from her sorrows, and her pure soul has fled to those regions of bliss, where tears are dried and grief endures no more. I this day beheld her pale corpse consigned to "the narrow house," and I now see from my window the moon's silver beams reflected

on the mausoleum that now inurns her.

For three days after our arrival she lingered between life and death. A few hours before she breathed her last, she became conscious of her situation and hailed her approaching death as a release from hopeless, careless anguish. A faint smile, the first that had appeared since her lover's decease, played on her pallid lips, but was soon chased away by observing the unuttered and unutterable grief of her parents. For a few minutes she regarded them with looks of fondest pitying love; and with all the daughter in her eye, "the big tears chasing each other down" her pale cheeks, as their sorrow and desolation at her loss glanced over her mind, she wept for some time with uncontrollable emotion; and, alternately turning to each other, as they jointly supported her, tremulously clasped them in her embrace. But the God of mercy, "who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb," soon restored a saintly calm to the dying Ellen.

She seemed inspired with more than mortal eloquence, while addressing her unhappy parents, and soothing their minds into resignation at her approaching fate; she begged to be taken to the window, that she might once more behold the fair face of nature, and view the spot where she was to be laid beside him whom she had so fondly loved.

We bore her couch to the window, and for a moment the fresh air seemed to revive her. The sun was rising in a splendor that gave the promise of a glorious day, and all nature seemed waking into life and gladness; she looked towards that brilliant luminary for a few moments in silence. "Ah! long before that bright orb sinks into the west, the vital spark that animates this frail form shall become extinct; never, again shall those eyes behold the refulgent sun, or shall I bask beneath its cheering beams. These woods and hills, on which so oft I have delighted to gaze; yon river, by whose banks I have so often strayed; that dewy lawn, over which my careless feet have so often wandered—I shall never again behold. The sun will again

rise in all its wonted splendor, and this lovely landscape will still retain its charms, but I—I shall be insensible to all ———"

Here her sweet countenance became clouded with sorrow, and a few natural tears rolled down her cheek; turning to the point that commanded a view of the village church, whose spire the rays of the sun were now irradiating, she ceased to weep, and raising her almost transparent hand, said, "There, there, by his side let me be laid; and now, my loved parents, pray that your child may meet death with the composure and piety of a christian."

She held a hand of each parent, and while her eyes closed, as if to shut out all earthly objects, she prayed with fervor. She appeared exhausted; and her voice became less articulate. A gentle sleep seemed to steal over her; but it was the sleep of death, for breathing one soft sigh, she resigned her soul into the hands of her Creator.

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#### TO OUR PATRONS.

WE have now, through much anxious toil, reached the close of our first volume; and therefore deem it a suitable occasion to return our grateful acknowledgments for the early and extensive patronage we have enjoyed. When the first number of the *Rose* was put to press we had not the name of a single subscriber upon our list: it now numbers several *thousands*, and is yet rapidly filling up from every state in the Union. We have been much cheered also by the valuable correspondents who have so often enriched its pages, and would take this opportunity to assure them that a continuance of their favors will be thankfully received, and highly appreciated.

The second volume of the *ROSE* or *THE VALLEY* will commence under very favorable circumstances, and every effort is hereby pledged to retain its interest, and render the work in all respects worthy the extensive patronage which it has already acquired, and which we humbly hope it is destined long to enjoy.

EDITOR.

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